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IF I WERE KING.

If I were king—ah, love, if I were king—
What tributary nations would I bring—
To stoop before your scepter and to wear
Alliance to your lips and eyes and hair;
Beneath your feet what treasures would I fling—
The stars should be your pearls upon a string.
The world a ruby for your finger ring.
And you should have the sun and moon to wear
If I were king.

Let these wild dreams and wilder words
Take wing,
Deep in the woods I hear a shepherd sing
A simple ballad to a sylvan air.
Of love that ever finds your face more fair;
I could not give you any goodlier thing
If I were king.
—Justin Huntley McCarthy.

THE LOST LAND

David Royant was sitting out on the terrace, strolling with a partner who had laughingly declined to dance. The fragrant scent of hothouse flowers hung in the air, and the strains of the famous El Dorado waltz floated out from the ballroom.

He was a tall, detestable-looking man; he had a strong chin and good honest brown eyes. This was the face of a man who had fought a hard battle and conquered.

The woman, the woman who didn't want to dance—was a slight creature with a pair of haunting gray eyes and a cloud of fair, exquisitely silky hair. There was a something indescribably attractive and alluring in her whole personality. "The El Dorado," murmured Vanessa, listening to the music. She gave a slight, delicate laugh, then she turned to her companion.

"Do you think there is an El Dorado—such a country?" she asked meditatively, "or is it a fairy tale, like the rest?"

Her sigh was infinitely pathetic. It was difficult to realize for the moment that an eminently successful woman was asking the stupid question, a woman whose art had made her famous, and who played the violin as none other could or would.

Curious, too, that she should question David Royant on the subject. If there was a man on earth who had



I HAD PREFERRED FAME AND AMBITION.

found the land of El Dorado this man had, for Royant was a millionaire, and more than a millionaire, a man who had built up a magnificent fortune, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye. He had stumbled on a gold mine by pure accident.

"Oh, no, I believe in El Dorado," he said, "there is such a land, there must be," he continued, "otherwise all the poets and dreamers have been mad—all the singers, all the musicians. And it would be rather a pity to believe that, wouldn't it?"

This was not the first time he had met Vanessa. Meeting by any means for they were friends now of long standing; but the woman interested him. For all her fame, for all her magnificent success, and her curious and indefinite beauty, her face was not the face of a happy woman. The eyes were hungry eyes.

"Some people," Vanessa spoke slowly and very softly—"some people hold that El Dorado is a land of gold. It is the city of the rich man, and no one can enter it unless he has great wealth."

David Royant shook his head. "Don't believe that story," he said decidedly. "It is a fable. I'm a rich man myself, but—I haven't found the land you speak of, though I came near to finding it once."

His strong rugged face softened. A new look came into his eyes.

"Tell me," he leaned forward, "how did you come near to the country, how did you lose your chance of finding it?"

"It is a very ordinary story," he smiled, then crumpled his program up into a hard ball; "just the story of a young man passionately in love with a young woman, who goes abroad to try to make a fortune for her. He comes back years after with his fortune, but the girl—"

"Yes, the girl?" murmured Vanessa. "She's the mother of girls herself." He answered simply, "a sparkling young matron of 30. Happy enough, I've no doubt, even though the man she married doesn't happen to be quite so wealthy as I am. Oh, I don't suppose she cared much for me, really," he added with a dry laugh, "else she

SOME ROYAL REVENUES

ENGLAND was the first to realize what the growing power of royal wealth would mean and the first to force a surrender of the monarch's capital by granting instead a fixed allowance. Since she set the example the other European countries have negotiated similar bargains, that is, all except Russia. Hence the czar is the wealthiest European monarch, though it is not possible to say what his exact income is. In 1904 it is estimated that Nicholas received an income of \$100,000,000, the revenue of landed property covering a million square miles, of buildings in the cities and of gold mines. July 2, 1901, the civil list of King Edward of England was fixed at £170,000, of which £110,000, or \$250,000, is given to the King and Queen. A sum still larger than this is allowed for salaries in the royal household and for retired allowances. One hundred and ninety-three thousand pounds is set aside for household expenses and another portion goes into charitable works. Allowances made for the Prince and Princess of Wales, for the King's three daughters and for other members of the royal family, and charged to what is known as the consolidated fund, swell the total amount paid by the English government to the royal family to £200,000, or \$4,500,000.

The German Emperor draws a double salary. As Emperor of the Reichstag votes him annually 2,000,000 marks, or \$20,000,000. As King of Prussia he is given nearly 16,000,000 marks, or \$14,000,000. Besides, he inherited from his grandfather castles, forests and farms, from which he derives a large income. The Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary also has a double allowance. He receives 1,000,000 crowns, or \$1,000,000. Since his marriage this has been increased by allowances for his new family, and the Cortes has always been generous in paying his traveling expenses.

In 1906 Congress passed a bill appropriating \$25,000 yearly to pay the President's traveling expenses. Before that his salary had been \$50,000. When George Washington became President he was the richest man in the country, and when he took the office he said he wanted no salary, except enough to pay necessary expenses. The President's salary was fixed at \$25,000 until 1873. In that year Congress passed a bill raising it to \$50,000. Besides the salary and traveling expenses the government provides a dwelling light, heat and annually appropriates wages for a corps of servants, including a coachman and two stable men. A very modest carriage usually occupied by the President's secretary also goes with the office. Of late there has been strong talk of increasing the President's salary to \$100,000.

would have waited as other women have waited.

"Things are better for you than they were for me," she muttered.

She shuddered as she spoke.

"Years ago when I was young, barely eighteen, she went on, "I was engaged to be married. He was a struggling young barrister, and I was one of a family of many sisters. There was no earthly prospect of our being married for years; but that didn't matter in the least, we were quite happy. And then, one afternoon, when I happened to be playing my violin at a small afternoon party, a big musician heard me, and told me that if I chose to work hard I should have a future before me—a great future."

I was excited, flattered. Then, later, when the big musician's opinion was corroborated by other great musicians, it seemed natural that I should accept the great offer made me by a liberal patron of music—an offer to pay my expenses in Paris, if I chose to study music there, and definitely take it up as a profession. My kind friend made one stipulation, however. I was to break off my engagement for a time. For an artist cannot serve two gods, she said, and I suppose she was right. For music demands everything one's life, one's soul."

"You broke off your engagement?" Royant spoke curtly.

"I broke it off in a sort of a way, but it was an understood thing between us that when I had finished my studies, and was beginning to take my place in the musical world, our engagement should come on again."

"What happened?" Royant looked at her scrutinizingly. How pale, how fearfully pale she had grown! And this was the woman who was supposed never to have had a love affair in her life, but had devoted herself entirely to her art!

"Then came my debut, which was a wonderful triumph, and after that it seemed to me that I had the world at my feet. Brilliant offers of musical engagements poured in upon me. My concert was thronged. I was flattered and made much of. I made money—plenty of money."

"And the man—what happened to the man?"

She gave a little choking sob. "Oh, he loved me—he loved me, but he was too generous ever to press his claim upon me, even though he knew I cared for him deeply. He wanted me to enjoy my wonderful success, unhampered by the cares of domestic life. 'Wait,' he chose my own time to marry me, dear, that was what he always said. I didn't realize that I was letting a man break his heart for me. It was only when my dear friend told me the truth, for he called out to me in the delirium—called out to the woman he had loved so patiently and so well—to come to him, never recognizing that she was there—by his bedside. And on the night he died, he said, being still very delirious, that I had never loved him. I had preferred fame and ambition to happiness."

She shuddered, and David Royant no longer wondered how it was that when she played on her violin men and women wept.

A silence fell, which neither the man nor the woman cared to break; then the dance music suddenly ceased in the ballroom, and a second later a young couple swept up to the entrance of the little sitting-out room. The sound of

their happy talk reached David Royant and the violinist.

"To sit out with one's husband—most unfashionable, Jack," the girl's voice was full of delicious mockery, her lips rippled with smiles.

"Madam, you know you are in love!" He spoke in tones of masterful tenderness. "And in love with your own property, too, absurd!"

The girl gave a little gurgling laugh. "Jack, you darling," she whispered, "don't it good to be happy? Aren't you glad we didn't marry for money, but for love?"

"They moved away, in the full heyday of their youth and strength, exulting in each other and in life, a crowned son and daughter of joy, drawn back to the glamour of the theatre side."

"El Dorado," murmured David Royant and gently, but Vanessa did not answer.

David Royant was silent for a moment, then he touched his companion upon the arm.

"Shall we make search together for the land which leads back to El Dorado?" he asked. "Shall we try to find the lost country, or does it belong only to youth?"

"Only to youth, I'm afraid," she whispered back. "And we have lost our youth."

"What of that?" he replied. "We might dwell under the shadow of the city walls of El Dorado."

And he groped for and found her hand. Cassell's Saturday Journal.

ANOTHER ROMANTIC TRAGEDY.

Paris Excited by Sensation Equal to Dreyfus and Humbert Affair.

Paris has a real sensation, quite the biggest since the Dreyfus case, still so fresh in mind as to need no special mention, and the Humbert affair, which involved the obtaining of millions, failed to a shrewdly calculated having a trunk full of alleged gift-edged securities that were afterward found to be only worthless paper. The excitement produced in these instances pales to insignificance by comparison with the present incident, which, with its revelations pointing to the possible exposure of a national scandal, promises to attract world-wide attention. It is the recent arrest of Mme. Steinhilf, following her confession on that for months since the slaying of her artist husband and Mme. Japy, now known to have been her stepmother, who were found strangled in the home of the artist on the morning of May 31, her attempt to find the assassins and the innumerable fantastic stories furnished the police and the newspapers were only a desperate fancy to conceal the real author of the crime, herself.

The crime in question was peculiar. Steinhilf was a portrait painter and a grand nephew of the famous Meissner. The assassination of the woman,

Mme. Steinhilf.

Mme. Japy, is supposed to have been incidental to the killing of Steinhilf. He was the man it was desired to get out of the way. Steinhilf, his wife and Mme. Japy lived together. The wife was found bound and gagged in bed, and at first she declared that she had been threatened by three men and a woman, all unknown to her.

It is now learned that Mme. Steinhilf was receiving the visits of several wealthy men, among them a Maurice Boreder, and that she had promised each of them that she would marry him in event of her becoming widowed or divorced.

Testimony from every quarter seems to confirm completely the charges of the recalled press that the late President Felix Faure was the victim of criminal dealing, but even M. Dupuy, his premier, does not deny that Mme. Steinhilf was with him shortly before his mysterious death in 1899.

During her confession Mme. Steinhilf was in great distress of mind and said out loud: "I hope to justify myself before a man whose love I have now lost forever." This man is said to be a French nobleman and in his identity is believed to be the key to this remarkable tragedy.

A Queen Test.

The queen and to the applicant.

Your references are good. Show me your state of weighing and five pounds of sugar. There the queen.

The applicant weighed his five in the amiable smile of the queen and weighed out the sugar with dispatch and accuracy. He put on 110 little sugar at first, he added gently a full half pound before the scale had moved.

"You'll do," said the queen. "You understand the scale, it is plain that you know your trade in the thorough old school way."

"Yes, sir," the other answered. "I earned in the country, and almost my first lesson was that in weighing. You must add, add, add the extra tips, because all that adding passes the customer, seems to him almost like a gift. But if, on the contrary, you subtract from the quantity, the scale the customer is affected in the opposite way you seem to be adding him. He goes away convinced that you are a strong heart." New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Vacation Sponges.

A supply of sponges from Vacant may be looked for ere long. There is a large growth of the sponges left untouched so far as the native divers do not usually take sponges at a greater depth than 15 feet. The better class grow in the greater depths, and these are now to be gathered.

A Wonder.

"Biggins' baby must be a wonder." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "It is the only human being I know of whose conversation he esteems more highly than his own."—Washington Star.

Ambiguous.

"The baby has something the matter with his stomach." "How do you know?" "Because we had it taken out and examined."—Life.

If carelessness is a sin, we are all in the sinner class.

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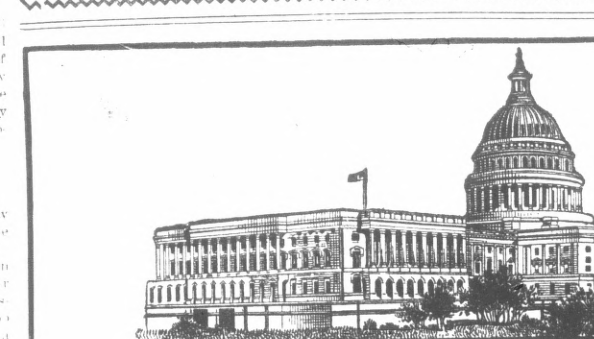
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